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IN
CUPID'S REALM
AND
OTHER POEMS

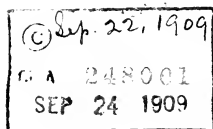
BY
FRANCES GRANT BUCHANAN
AND
MARY LEONARD GRANT

Consisting of an operetta and a number of poems
here published collectively for
the first time

DENVER, COLORADO
1909
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Maida.....The Betrothed of Raoul
Raoul.....Maida's Lover
Pierre le Fort.....Acolyte
Loafa Bredt.....Baker's Boy
Marcia Long.....Girl with Wishing Shoe
Sister Superior.....
Blossom Fair.....Milkmaid
Abby Lona.....Mermaid

Convent Maids:

Lily White
Katie Didd
Milly Flower
Lu Lewes
Mate Forme

College Boys:

Tom Piper
George Bye
Ben Wonce
Frank Remarque
John Good

Fairy Queen, Fiddling Crab, Sea Urchin, Royal
Electric Seal, Ancient Gardener, etc.

IN CUPID'S REALM

ACT I.

Convent in Arden.

(Convent yell.)

Iekte millike goo goo goo Hunckte bunckte
lay ee ho!

(mise en scene.)

(A part of the convent, and a portion of the garden. An old man digging in the yard, and, occasionally, putting a worm in his old tobacco box. Tall, fair girl and Mother Superior strolling up and down as curtain rises.)

(Convent yell.)

(Enter squad of girls who have been out promenading with two sisters. All enter the building except five girls, who sing):

We're such demure little convent girls,
With diminutive skirts and clust'ring curls,
Who never have known the vibrant bliss,

Of a sweetheart's kiss, of a sweetheart's kiss!

(Five college boys enter through side gate and each steals a kiss. All sing):

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, we never have known the
vibrant bliss

Of a sweetheart's kiss, of a sweetheart's kiss,
For we are demure little convent girls,
With diminutive skirts and clust'ring curls.
How could we know the vibrant bliss,
Of a sweetheart's kiss, of a sweetheart's kiss!

(Superior and young girl. Superior holds
her hand and sings) :

Dear child, my heart doth grieve for thee,
So long thou hast been with us here,
Thou hast become so dear to me,
My soul doth tremble now with fear.

Thou leavest me for scenes unknown
Without the convent's sheltered wall,
And, though thou soon wilt wedded be,
I fear the world's unhallowed call.

Thou wilt find so many dangers lurk
Amidst the pathway of thy life,
That many sorrows wait for thee,
Though thou wilt be an honored wife!

(Maida's reply to the Sister) :

Fear not for me, O Sister, dear
For life hath now a twofold charm;
My soul knows not one single fear,
I go to Love's protecting arm.

I there shall learn life's meaning true,
Its sorrow and its joy and charm;
Fear not, I say, O Sister, dear,
I go to Love's protecting arm.

(They walk silently into the house, stopping to cross themselves as the Angelus rings.)

(Moonlight. Gardener digs for a short time. Then, placing spade against the wall, goes quietly in, and the convent is dark. Then comes Maida's lover, Raoul, to serenade her. As he continues to sing, the window of her room is thrown open, and Maida leans out upon the tiny balcony and replies. Both sing the chorus.):

Love's Madrigal.

I bring to thee no jewels rare,
No flowers to deck thy sunny hair;
But, from the fields of poesy,
Love's madrigal I plucked for thee:

Thy form is like the lily fair,
Thy tender eyes are violet blue,
Like maize's tasselled skein thy hair,
The petalled rose thy cheek's soft hue.

There is no flower so rare that blows,
That may with thy true heart compare,
Not lily, violet nor rose,—
To worthy be, that is my prayer.

(Answer.)

Dear love, so tender, strong and true,
I press thy flowers to my heart,
And in return I give to you,
An amaranth from Cupid's dart,

Symbol fair of love immortal
From his garden send I down;
Thy dear love to me is precious,
'Tis of my life the radiant crown.

Chorus:

Love is the only, only thing,
Oh, listen! listen to his call,
Love is the only, only thing.
Oh, love is all is all in all!

(Early morning. Girls come out rubbing their eyes and sing in a recitative way, of their tribulations):

One girl: Oh, dear, dear; oh, dear me
I am so unhappyee,
I want a cream puffy.

Another: I must a page of Webster write
Before I close my eyes to-night.

Chorus: What have you done?

Answer: A very ugly cross-eyed nun
Caught a spitball on the run.

Chorus: Oh-hhh-hhh! Ah-hhh-hhh!

A girl: Oh, wasn't it grand!

(Tall girl enters):
Behold our poet laureate,
The very finest, finest yet.
Oh, listen to her lovely verse.

Laureate sings:

The day was dark and dreary,
The earth was wreathed in snow,
And o'er the mountains bleary,
The chilly winds did blow.

Chorus: Deliceuse! Deliceuse!

Same girl: Oh, wasn't it grand!

Listen once again:

The slumbering horse walked on and on
And fell at last his knees upon.

Chorus: Swell! Swell!

Same girl: Oh, wasn't it grand!

(Young acolyte enters gate and goes up
steps into convent):

One girl: Our acolyte,
Ere a fortnight
A priest will be.

Same girl: Oh, isn't he grand!

Chorus: It seems to me
A great pity,
So handsome he!

Girl: Oh, dear me, that dreadful lesson
in historie,
I wish the book were in the sea, or
else were we!

Chorus: Oui, oui, oui, oui!

(Girl who has been silent, but listening intently, now steps forward and sings):

O, dear girls, please listen awhile,
To interrupt is not my style,
I have a wishing shoe.
'Tis from Kris Kringle's pet reindeer,
Who lost it in a manner queer,
And wondrous things 'twill do:
In traveling o'er a chimney top,
He hit his hoof, the shoe did drop,
To land at grandpa's feet.
It's been an heirloom many a year;
Perhaps you think it very queer
It ne'er was used before.
But it is said this wishing shoe,
Can many great, great wonders do,—
Silence I now implore.
Wish together in unity,
One or many or only three,
Our wish will sure come true.

Chorus: Oh, wish, please wish, please wish
for me,
Let's all go down to the deepest sea,
Where none have been before.

(Girl draws shoe from her bosom and whispers over it. Shoe grows luminous):

Aloud: The wish is made.

(Enters Maida.)

Chorus: We have wished on the shoe.
Why not wish to go, too?

Maida: I do. I do.

Aside: What won't these mischiefs plan!

(Enter acolyte.)

Chorus: Father, wouldn't you wish to see,
The very bottom of the sea?

Acolyte: I would.

Girls: Say, "I do."

Acolyte: I do. I do.

(Girls to baker's boy who lets bread fall):

And as for you, O, baker's boy,
Wouldn't you like to share our joy?

Boy: I would, of course, for see my bread,
There's consternation on my head!

Girls: Say, "I do."

Boy: I do.

Girl with shoe: (Shoe loses its glow.)
Behold the time is up. The wishing game
is closed.

Chorus of Girls:

There's something happening to me,
I scarce can breathe, I scarce can see.

Girls: And me! And me! And me!

(Darkness. Shrieks.)

Girl: Oh, see that funny little fish,
Looks like a quaint hand-painted dish!
(Shrieks.)

Girl: A shark I see. He may bite me!

Acolyte (Basso.)

A mermaid, too; a wondrous sight!

Girls: Oh, see that funny crab. He'll bite!
(Shrieks.)

(Electrical display through water. Fishes, mermaid and crabs. Effect of the descent made plain by shower curtain.)

Chorus:

We're going down to Neptune's land,
To hear the ultra-marine band.

Where the fin of the shark on fish scale C
Makes wondrous, wondrous harmony.

We're going down, down, down to
Neptune's land.

Convent yell.

ACT II.

(Scene 1.)

(mise en scene.)

(Neptune's palace. Grottos, coral reefs, etc. An old wreck, "The Flying Dutchman," all covered with barnacles, in the background. Curtains of seaweed. Electrical effects, etc.)

The little band arrives at Neptune's palace, and are greeted by him as he sits on his throne of pearl and coral. Majestically, he welcomes his guests.

Neptune's Greeting. (Bass solo.)

I welcome thee, O, little band
To Neptune's vast enchanted land;
The treasures of the sea are thine,
Pearls of great price from ocean's brine,
And riches vast from sunken ships,
Great rubies crimson as thy lips,
And many tons of currency,
To which you all quite welcome be.

Oh, think not soon of leaving me,
Thou hast relieved monotony,
For few arrive so safe and sound,
It seems some miracle profound.

Once more I wish to welcome all,
I give thee keys to Neptune's hall,
Now step thou forth and answer me,
To tell me true who you may be.

Girls: Tee hee hee! Tee hee hee!

Neptune thunders: Is there no maid can
answer me. Your only language, "Tee hee
hee"?

Maida's reply and Welcome Chorus:

Mighty king, we give thee greeting,
Accidental quite this meeting;
But deep indeed our debt shall be,
For kindly hospitality.

We come from earth away up high,
But we return, yes, by and by.
It now to us doth pleasure bring.
For us to meet so great a king.

Full chorus:

Welcome, welcome, we do welcome thee,
Welcome thee, to the sea.
We welcome thee to Neptune's land,
Oh, welcome, welcome stranger band!

(Song by one of Neptune's minions):

A giddy sunbeam fell in love one day,
With a coy little ocean wave,
He wooed her and won in his sunny way,
And her heart to his care she gave.

They loved and carrassed as the hours sped by,
From his kiss she did not shrink,
But blushed so deep to hear him sigh,
That her soft white face grew pink.

But he fled away at the close of day,
One kiss on her lips he pressed,
She sobbed her fair young life away
And died on old ocean's breast.

One of the girls:

Oh, dear me,
There's no society
In this old sea.

Baker's boy (Comedian):

Would you like to be
In high society?

Girls: Oui! Oui! Oui! Oui!

Comedian's Song: Polite Society.

Never act you see
Like a chimpanzee
In high society.
Do not use your hands,
Like a couple of wands
In high society.
To be quite au fait
You must act this way,
In high society.

If a man's a rake
To liberties take,
In polite society.
He may get a jag
Like a regular vag
In high society.
But it all must be
On the dead Q. T.
In high society.

But babies can't come,
They are far too rum
For high society,
They take a pug dog,
An ape or a frog
In high society.
'Tis said by seers
The're among their peers.
In high society.

In high society
Such queer things you will see
In high society.
There ladies may smoke
And hear a risqué joke
In high society.
But of course not sin
If she's really in
Polite society.
In high society
Where all would like to be
In high society.
All the ladies wear hats
As big as front door mats
In high society.
So you well can see
It's quite a medley,
Is high society.

(The son of the sea in his shell cradle becomes restless and cries. It immediately thunders and lightning flashes. Neptune is annoyed The sea-urchin rocks the cradle.)

Neptune's Song: The Son of the Sea.

Rock ye the cradle of the deep,
And keep the son of the sea asleep,
For when the waves are tempest tossed
Disturbing are indeed to me
To hear by wireless telegraphie,
The shrieks of the dying and the lost.

(Maida knowing that a storm is raging on the ocean, fears for the safety of her lover.)

Maida :

A storm at sea !
Dear God should he
In peril be
Oh help thou me !

Maida's Supplication.

King of all kings,
O, God Most High,
Hear Thou my prayer,
To Thee I cry.

Oh hear my prayer,
For those at sea,
They're in Thy hands,
All powerful Thee.

Guide Thou their ships,
All safe to land,
Thou holdst the seas
In Thy strong hand.

Though storms do rage,
And tempests blow,
If Thou protect,
No harm they'll know.

(Sea urchin.)

The son of the sea
Is now asleep,
'Tis quiet on the misty deep.

Neptune: 'Tis well.

(Darkness. Seaweed curtain falls.)

(Scene or Interlude.)

Lobster and Sponge make-up.

The Lobster and the Sponge.

Sponge: Don't be a lobster.

Lobster: Don't be a sponge.

Lobster: Pay for your drinks.

Sponge: Avoid your duns.

Lobster: You're as bad as an old loan shark.

Sponge: You're still worse, you're an easy mark.

Chorus:

Don't be a lobster,

Don't be a sponge,

Pay for your drinks,

Have no duns;

Don't be as bad as an old loan shark,

But don't, oh, don't be an easy mark.

Lobster:

Surely I must a lobster be,

All the girls at the matinee

Throw their kisses and wink at me,

Yet, no matter what people say,

I always, always have to pay.

Sponge:

Though I'm a soak and always broke,

Sometimes a girl will come my way,

And, no matter what people say,

I almost never, never pay.

(Scene II.)

(Ultra marine band, consisting of eleven.)

(mise en scene.)

(Moss covered floor. Five huge pink shells. Five squatting frogs and a pink fiddling-crab who is standing. Leader draws his bow across his fiddle. Frogs croak. Shells open. Five sea-maidens step out. All march and sing) :

We are the ultra marine band,
Our like was never seen on land,
Our melodies do dwell, do dwell,
Deep, deep in a deep sea-shell.

Chorus enters. All march.

(Ultra marine band maidens re-enter with a huge fish half curled around their bodies. Each sings) :

A Fish Story.

Oh! this little fish he said to me,
Now what was it really do you think?
Said he to me, "If we should married be,
I never, nevermore will take a drink.

Oh! it sounded to me like a fish story,
And I soon found out that it was, you see,
It had scales and fins, there were gills thrown
in,
But he told the story and he made it win.

Oh! see this little fish he said to me,
Oh! this little fish he told a story bold:
"Buy in with me on some good property,
'Tis a fine little mine half full of gold."

Oh! it sounded to me, etc.

Oh! this little fish, "Harken ye," said he,
"I am the people's tool, the people's friend,"
The scion of a corporation he—
He got the franchise—friendship's at an end.

Oh! it sounded to me, etc.

Oh! this little fish—quite a lady she,
She was the belle of the telephone booth,
Said this little fish with a smile to me,
"They're busy now. Busy." Was it the truth?

Oh! it sounded to me, etc.

This little fish said to me one day,
"An ideal maid, I have for you, my dear,
She has no beaux; she cooking knows,
A very moderate wage her soul will cheer."

Oh! it sounded to me, etc.

Chorus:

When you catch a sucker, do him, do him right,
Any old bait, if the hook's out of sight,
He will swallow it all and will call for more;
He don't like apples but he gets the core—
He don't like apples but he gets the core.

(Scene and Interlude.)

(Maida enters and begs girl with shoe to reunite her and Raoul.)

Maida to girl with shoe: Oh, wish for me, unhappy me, that I my lover soon may see.

Girl with shoe: I'll wish that all this little band may meet his own in fairy land.

(Takes shoe and wishes. Shoe remains dark. In disgust she flings it away.)

Shoo Shoo!

Now shoo shoe, shoo shoo shoe,
I'll have naught more to do,
With one so false as you,
As you, as you, as you.

So shoo shoe shoo, shoo shoo!
Away I now cast you,
With no more adoo, do,
Adieu, adieu, adieu!

(Sea urchin enters.)

Girl with shoe: Imp of the sea, why come you to me, riding your little sea-horsey?

Sea Urchin:

I bring my royal king's command,
That thou should't kiss his sovereign hand,
For you and yours are nearing land.

Girl:

Oh, dear, what did I do
When away I cast the shoe!

(Bows and says: I follow you, I will thy sovereign's bidding do.)

(Scene III.)

(Wedding of priest and mermaid to whom he was very attentive during singing of sun-beam song and polite society. Acolyte would have taken priestly vows in a few days.)

I used to see Our Lady's face,
But now, alas! oh fall from grace!
I see yon siren's gentle smile,
Her charms do now my soul beguile.

(Picture of Virgin may be thrown on screen. Slowly fades as second verse is sung.)

I saw Our Lady everywhere,
Her love inspired my faithful prayer;
But now no creed may claim my life,
I wish yon siren for my wife.

Neptune: Hearest thou his prayer, O, ocean maid?

Maid: I clear did hear each word he sayed.

Neptune: Art thou agreed, I thee demand?

Maid: Ah, yes; I'll give to him my hand.

Neptune's Song: Maid of the Sea.

Maid of the sea,
I say to thee,
If thou this mortal wed,
And leave thy ocean bed,
Thou, too, shalt mortal be,
The same as he—I bid thee choose.

Maid: My choice is made, and I will wed.

(Transformation. Thunder, lightning, etc. Fin at mermaid's feet may be taken off during momentary darkness. Skirt fits figure closely, but when fin is removed the feet are released, and billowy ruffles spread about her feet. She then walks toward the center of the stage with harp in her hands and sings.)

Mermaid's Song.

Knowest thou not, O, ocean king,
That when my wedding bells do ring,
That I will wedded, wedded be,
To love and immortality!

My birthright thou has taken away,
Yet 'tis, O, king, but for a day,
For I will wed to love, you see,
And love is immortality.

Old earth may fade, her glories pass,
Thy sea become a sea of glass,
But love, great king, true love, Ah me,
True love is immortality.

Neptune: Silence all. The wedding will now take place.

(Mermaid kisses the hand of her future lord.)

Neptune: Maiden, I bid thee kiss his lips as well as his fingertips.

Maiden: I will.

Neptune: O, mortal, promise me that no mere maid shall ever, ever be so dear as this mermaid to thee.

Mermaid: I promise.

Neptune: I give thee Neptune's blessing.

King's Jester: Will they go for a spiel in
their automobile?

Other Fool:

An automobile in the depths of the sea,
The very idee, the very idee.

Another Fool: Hast thou not seen
Our Neptune's submarine?

King's Jester: Pray tell me
Who you may be?

Electric Seal: I am the royal Electric Seal
who runs King Neptune's seamobile.

(The seamobile is shaped like a huge fish.
Its mouth opens and the couple enter. Also the
Electric Seal. The tail of the creature moves
and it sails up out of sight. As they leave, the
windows slide back and they may be seen kiss-
ing.)

(Chorus enters singing):

Full Chorus: They're going away
On their submarine,
To lands the world
Has never seen,
Where the fishes fly,
And the days go by
In a golden dream.
Oh! joy, oh! bliss,
A submarine kiss—
They're going away to spoon.

Woodchopper's Chorus.

Oh! merry, merry, merry woodchoppers are we.
 See the white chips fly,
 And the good tree die,
Behold! a king of the forest lies prone!

Oh! merry, merry, merry woodchoppers are we.
 We whistle and sing,
 'Till the woodlands ring,
For life is a goodly thing, a goodly thing!

Oh! merry, merry, merry woodchoppers are we.
 Singing all the day,
 Making work but play;
And we do it thus with such manly grace!

Oh! merry, merry, merry woodchoppers are we.
 We can grind an ax,
 We can fell a tree,
For these forests primeval and vast breed men!

Chorus and round:

Oh! merry, merry, merry woodchoppers are we.
Heigh heigh-ho, heigh-ho, heigh heigh-ho,
 heigh-ho.
See our axes swing, hear the echoes ring,
Heigh heigh-ho, heigh-ho, heigh heigh-ho,
 heigh-ho—
And we're happy and free, as all may see;
Oh! merry, merry, merry woodchoppers are we.

ACT III.

(A leafy dell with immense mushrooms, behind which the fairies are hiding. Stage darkened. Electrical effects.)

Fairy Chorus:

We are the fairies who dwell
In the leafy, leafy dell;
We are the fairies who dwell—
Dwell in the forest of Arden.

Yet but few know that we're here,
For we so seldom e'er appear,
For we so seldom e'er appear—
Appear in the forest of Arden.

A leaf may stir, a laugh be heard,
And then they say 'tis some strange bird,
A leaf may stir, a laugh be heard—
Heard in the forest of Arden.

Chorus:

We are the fairies, fair, fair,
Free from care, free from care,
We are the fairies fair,
Who dwell in the forest of Arden.

(Maida and Raoul meet. Reunion song.)

She:

There never was a day so fair,
There never was a sky more blue;
A purple sheen is in the air,
Dear day that brings me back to you.

He:

Queen of my soul, my joy, my life,
My heart was sad with you away;
Be thou today my precious wife,
Let this become our wedding day.

Chorus:

We will away, away, away,
For this shall be our wedding day,
O, happy, happy, happy day,
We will away, away, away.

(They schottische off the stage.)

Song of the Queen of the Fairies.
The Heather Belle and the Dewdrop.

I am the queen of the fairies,
My subjects loyal are, and true,
To list each word that I utter,
And joyful my bidding they do.

Oh, now a story I'll tell you,
A tale that is known but to few,
Of a dainty little heatherbell,
And a silvery drop of dew.

Mother was a fair heatherbell,
And my father a drop of dew;
They loved each other so dearly,
And vowed they would ever be true.

Oh, the story is very sad,
Tears will come unbidden to you,
O, loyal little heatherbell,
O, faithful wee drop of dew.

The sun soon came as a rival,
He made them unhappy, he knew;
But coveting my sweet mother,
Her loved one he cruelly slew.

Then mother drooped her dainty head,
Her heart it broke in two;
O, tender, loving heatherbell,
'Twas a very sad fate for you.

This is the story briefly told,
We do hope that it pleases you,
Of the fair little heatherbell,
And her silvery drop of dew.

(Skirt dance with electrical effects.)

(Enter baker's boy and sits disconsolately upon a broken tree. Looks very dejected and sings) :

I'm all alone,
I have no home,
Nobody cares for me;
The bumblebee,
A king is he,
With wife and family.

I'm all alone, nobody cares if I live or dee;
I'm all alone—nobody cares for me.

I'm all alone,
I have no home,
No sweet girl waits for me,
I'm all alone,
I have no home,
Nobody cares for me. (Repeat chorus.)

(Girl is heard singing in the wings. He looks up interested.)

Duet between milkmaid and comedian:

O, Bossy, Bossy, Sukey, Sue,
Whatever has become of you?
Bossy, Bossy, Bossy, Bossy.

Comedian: I must see this maid so flossy.
(Moo-oo!)

Maiden enters: Who may you be, O charming maid?

Maiden (aside): I do know I hadn't oughter. Aloud: I'm a farmer's simple daughter.

He: And I a lonely country lad.

Maiden (aside): Does he think I'm very awful, or just a wee bit, wee bit bad? Aloud: Do I seem very bad to you to be so bold and answer you?

He: O, maiden, can't you really see
How very good you look to me—
Would you cry if a kiss I'd steal?

Maiden: I don't cry. How do kisses feel?
(Smack! Smack!)

He: Don't you see that I love but you?
Dear little maiden, sweet and true!

She (demurely):
That kiss seemed very good to me;
Wouldn't another sweeter be? (Yum, yum!)

He (solo) :

I'm not alone,
I'll have a home;
A sweet girl waits for me—
I'll not be alone,
I'll have a home,
A wife (over his shoulder) and
family!

(Scene is the enchanted forest of Arden.
Ten large trees opposite one another, five on
each side. Enter five little convent girls from
one side; college boys from the opposite side.
They peep at one another from behind the great
trees and sing) :

Girl: So ho, Tom.
Boy: So ho, Kate.
So ho, George.
So ho, Mate.
So ho, Ben.
So ho, Lily.
So ho, John.
So ho, Milly.
So ho, Frank.
So ho, Lu.

(After this greeting they advance to the cen-
ter of the stage. Each one bows to his part-
ner.)

Boys: So ho, glad little convent girls,
To see you again,
Little deep sea pearls.

Girls: So ho, glad to see once again,
Our jim and dandy college men.

Chorus: So ho, glad the parting's o'er,
So ho, glad to see you once more.

Girls: Happy little convent girls are we.

Boys: Happy college boys as boys can be.

(They dance the minuet together.)

(Maida and Raoul, having just been wedded, are returning through the enchanted forest. The fairies, who are unseen, though a whisper of their wee voices is sometimes heard, sing delightedly.)

The Bride of Arden.

Here comes the lovely bride,
Our forest's joy and pride,
To her our hearts have cried,
This bride, this lovely bride.

Her eyes are violet blue,
And limpid like the dew,
Her heart we know is true—
We wish so well to you.

Chorus: La, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la,
Oh, see here comes the bride.
La, la, la, la, la, la,
She comes, the forest pride—
La, la, la, la, la, la.

Fairie Queen: Oh! why not live alway,
Maida, why cannot you stay,
Just here in the forest
Of Arden—of Arden?

Maida: Methought I heard a sweet voice
say: (Repeat above.)

Raoul: Beloved, we must away,
For 'tis our wedding-day—
Away on our honeymoon.

(Enter all reunited lovers and sing):
We're going today
On our submarine,
To lands the world
Has never seen;
Where the fishes fly,
And the days go by
In a golden dream.

Chorus: We're going away on our honey-
moon, our honeymoon. Oh! joy, oh! bliss! A
submarine kiss. We're going away on our
honey, honeymoon.

INTERPOLATION.

Happy Hubby San.'

Dainty little maid,—
U. S. A.'s they say,—
Miss Marie her name,
'Till her Jappie came.
Wears no more a shoe,
Tiny clogs will do,
And, 'twixt you and me,
Kneels to drink her tea.

For she's now
(Chorus.)

Cherry blossoms rare,
Scent the fragrant air,
From her happy home
Cares she not to roam.
Never Geisha girl
Lovely as this pearl;
Hid within his heart
Of his life a part.

How he loves
(Chorus.)

Chorus:

Little Mary Mayeda, of Japan,
With her small kimono and her fan;
Obi rich and chaste,
Round her slender waist.
Happy Hubby San,
You're a man of taste.

Where wistaria flowers
Fall in purple showers
Sleeps she long and sound,
'Neath that alien ground:
Smile he never can,
Save at Baby San:
Loyal heart, and true,
Mary waits for you.

How he loved
(Chorus.)

INTERPOLATION.

Dan Cupid Waltz.

Go not away,
Cupid, please stay,
Ah, leave me not,
Dear Love, I say.

My heart was sad,
Thou madest me glad,
Go not away,
Dan Cupid, I pray.

Thy darts give pain,
Yet come again,
With thee away,
Sad, sad the day.

Love, O, dear Love,
Gift from above,
Sweet, sweet the pain,
Blessed thy reign.

Aim, aim thy dart,
Straight at my heart,
Go not away,
Dan Cupid, I pray.

Chorus: Love, Love, only Love;
Gift from above, Come Love,
O, Love, Love, Love.

POEMS

PREFACE

The fugitive poems which fill the second half of this little volume are from the pen of Mary Leonard Grant. The majority of them have appeared in the magazines and periodicals current during her lifetime; as, "The Waverly Magazine," "The Milwaukee Sentinel," "The Denver Tribune," "The Milwaukee Monthly," "Ballou's Magazine," "The Quincy Whig" and "The Rocky Mountain News."

Coming to Colorado in unavailing search of health, this sweet, intense woman found music in the sparkling streams and eloquence in the mountain fastnesses. But to her appealed above all the passion and pain of life, and its subtle sweetness.

At thirty-three years of age,—more than half of life's wine yet untasted,—the dread Messenger lifted the cup from her tired grasp. What might she not have achieved had the summons not come so early?

F. G. B.

A WISH-LONGING.

Ah, Love! would you were here
When the glowing King of Day
Kisses each erst-hid loveliness
With ardent, wearying ray;
Fast within my heart I'd hide you,
Ah! my sweet, my tuneful bird,
And I'd feel the song that thrilled you,
Though you should not sing one word.

Ah Love! would you were here,
When the cares that fret the day
Under the brooding wings of night
Are silently hid away;
When the shining stars God sets
In the cloudless blue of even,
To light the way that seems so short
Between our hearts and Heaven.

Ah Love! would you were here
With the dew-sprent breath of morn,
When our holiest thoughts awaken
On the wings of sleep unborne;
Within my heart would you might lie,
As the dew within the rose,
A-tremble with my faintest sighs,
Love-shaken with my woes.

Ah Love! would you were here
At midnight, morn and even,—
Save this; within my heart were left
No wish, nor room for Heaven,—

No matter, you must e'er exhale
Heaven's own, your native air,
And he whose breast your presence blest
Could ne'er be elsewhere.

—M. A. Grant.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

[From the German of Uhland by Frank Leon]

Say, have you seen the castle,
The castle by the sea?
Of gold and ros'ate coloring
Its shad'wing cloudlets be.

Now to the mirrorlike waters
It makes obeisance low;
Now seems struggling and aspiring
In sunset's fiery glow.

"Oh! yes, indeed, I've seen it,
The castle grand and tall,
Deep wrapped in a misty mantle
And moonbeams over all."

The wind and the roaring waters
Made they not merry din?
Heard you not harps and festal song,
Those stately halls within?

"No, the winds and all the waters
Were lying hushed and still,
But a plaintive strain from out the hall
My eyes with tears did fill."

And did'st thou not see passing
The Emperor and his spouse,
Their scarlet mantles waving
And crowns upon their brows?

And led they not with rapture
A maiden young and fair,
Glorious as the sunlight
That gleamed in her golden hair?

"Not with the pomp of royalty
Did I see them arrayed,
But clad in deepest mourning
And I saw not the maid."

TO MY MOTHER.

You remind me, darling mother,
Of a rose from which have blown
Its first dews, but which has taken
On new beauties, all its own.

In the sweet and silent folding
Of the leaves about its heart,
Is the uncomplaining holding
Of the hands that did their part.

In the calyx upward looking
Though the petals fall away,
Is thy faith that in bereavement,
Waits for Heaven's eternal day.

In the crushing of the rose leaves,
That exhale most odorous breath,
Is thy virtue's sweet aroma
Grown but sweeter nearer death.

In the promise of renewal
Unto it by seedlets given,
Is thy hope of resurrection
And thy sweeter hope of Heaven.

—M. A. Grant.

LIFE.

A cloudless sky
Of flawless blue,
Shining a-down
On me and you;
An undimmed smile,
A heart that's true.
Fond hopes beguile
When life is new.

One slight ripple
On life's great sea;
Just a sharp pain
For you and me.
A brief sighing—
Just a few tears—
Fond hopes dying
Swift as the years.

Of Terrors the King,
And a narrow home,
Our last bitter dregs
'Neath the sparkling foam;
Dear hearts left to grieve
With impotent tears
Trust: 'twill all be made right
In God's infinite years.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

In a grove we slowly wandered,
Will and I,
When the night had hung her jewels
In the sky,
And the saucy, daring fellow
Kissed my cheek;
But a sweet shame held me silent,
For my life I could not speak,
When I fain would have reproved him,
For I feared the world would know;
And I hid me in his bosom,
Cheeks aglow.
Wouldst believe the saucy fellow
Held me so?
And a bird cried mocking, taunting,
"Whip-poor-Will,"
While the whole world seemed to listen,
'Twas so still—
Held and kissed me in defiance,
Tho' the bird song louder grew,

And my cheeks glowed hot and hotter
With a flame that thrilled me through.
Leaflets quivering and shivering,
Listened low,
And the river sobbing, throbbing,
Hushed to know,
And the moon, serenely shining,
Knew too well
What the stars, with mischief winking,
Sure would tell.
But Will whispered, "Love me, darling;
All my life I've loved but you."
Then with strange, sweet courage glowing,
I grew bold to say, "I do."
"Be my wife?" "I will," I murmured,
Caring nothing for the bird;
And soon after from the the altar
All the world our secret heard.

Now our children play around me,
These, indeed, are radiant days;
And I'm drawing toward life's sunset,
Golden by my husband's praise.
But my heart is all aquiver,
And my pulses all athrill,
When we laugh in happy chorus
At the song of "Whip-poor-Will."

—M. A. Grant.

Denver, Jan. 5, 1877.

THE GIRL AT THE GATE.

Why, where is the fellow! He's gone.
To my talk he has said not a word!
By Jove! how the face of that girl
My thrummed-out old heart strings has stirred.

I've been somewhat wild in my youth
And, I own it, somewhat a roue,
But all of us sometime in life
Must long for a home—so they say.

I'm so anxious to know who she is,
I believe that for Ned I'll not wait—
By Jove! I should say not, for he
Is just kissing the girl at the gate.

I know by the sensitive mouth,
A-quiver with feeling repressed;
I know by the swift rise and fall
Of that locket hung low on her breast.

I knew that his sweetheart lived here
Somewhere, but dreamed not it was she,
And, I feel very much, I confess,
As if Ned had the joke upon me.

But if for ten years we should live,
The romance all faded from life,
For my bachelor freedom he'd give,
And gladly, I'll bet you—his wife.

SHE SLEEPS.

[Translated from the German for the Milwaukee
Monthly. Received a kind commendatory
note from J. G. Holland for the
translation.]

She closed her eyes in sweetest sleep
 Upon my breast;
 How am I blest
Over her slumber watch to keep!

Did mouth and cheeks glow not so red,
 Such smiling grace
 Play o'er her face,
'Twould almost seem that she was dead.

Her bosom scarce to stir doth seem—
 Then billows pass
 As o'er the grass—
So moved is she by some sweet dream.

A dream of me? yet—I hear not
 Her fragrant breath—
 Can this be death?
Oh God, how terrible the thought!

If she should die clasped in my arms!
 One kiss—I take,
 She doth awake
Sweetly confused, and passion warm.
 —Mary Grant.

THE SONG OF HOPE TO LOVE.

Tho' this, "the winter of our discontent,"
I know the summer with its perfect bloom
Is not afar—for it hath radiance lent
To dissipate and glorify life's gloom.

For in Love's throbbing bosom I have lain,
And felt his amorous breath on lip and cheek,
Yet while my very being was aflame
With passion, I was dumb and could not speak.

But loved in sacred silence, counting then
The world indeed, well lost for thy sweet sake;
And since thy love hath crowned me, glorying still
Tho' on the morrow my full heart should break.

Be patient, dear; the waters ebb and flow,
And since a perfect bliss we once have known,
So, surely as the seasons come and go,
A little while and Love shall claim his own.

And, sweet though now our paths diversely lie,
And each for the other vainly sigh and long,
Transition marks each hour, and in my breast
The birds of Hope and Love burst into song.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

Cease, cease thy mocking music, joyous bird,
My soul responds not to one hopeful word;
I am as one who hears, yet has not heard,
My heart is sick, is sick with hope deferred.

You flutter your bright plumage and are glad,
E'en though alone, but Love is ever sad;
And there's a mournful cadence in his tone
E'en when upon his bosom rests his own.

Alone, in every sound he hears his mate's low cry,
In every idle breeze that passes by
Her breath he feels, and if he may not fly
To Love's blest presence, then he can but die.

How can I joy to know that she be fair
If her bright pinions thrill the upper air,
While I, below, bound in a cruel snare,
Struggling in pain and grief, yield to despair.

Away, away, I make but this reply,
On every idle breeze that passes by
Is borne some idle plaint. Pretence my sigh;
Love yields to Love and asks not when or why.

Denver, May 20, 1876.

DISILLUSIONED.

I had a friend whom I deemed true,
Enshrined within my heart of hearts;
And gloried in the love and trust
I thought time might not dim nor rust.
For I had deemed her heart so pure
That naught unclean might there endure:
In foolish trust I dipped too deep,
The waters stained my hand—why weep?

THE MODEL CHURCH WOMAN.

In Memoriam.

The narrow grave doth claim her as its own;
Grave, narrow as her creeds was never known.
Inter them, then e'en if too wide it be,
Pray fill the void with holy charity.

For what on earth she never dreamed or thought
The Great Hereafter may e'er this have taught;
Each one hath faults, she hers—I own^I mine,
“To err is human, to forgive divine.”^κ

And Friendship that but ends where love begins
Might cover e'en a multitude of sins.
And she who thought herself so spotless here,
“The least” among God's angels may appear.

And when on Heaven's threshold she shall wait,
She'll know that Mercy must unbar the gate,
And fear, perhaps, to hear the old refrain,
“The merciful God's mercy shall obtain.”

SHE REMEMBERS.

It is not strange that he forgets,
Nor strange that she remembers;
He battles hand to hand with fate,
While fainter gleam Love's embers.
She sits at home beside the hearth,
And in the fervid gleaming
Grows sweetly, strangely faint, and thinks
All real which is but dreaming;
He turns and sees Love's embers dead,
Yet, flushed with proud ambition,
How can he miss their gentle glow?
He's crowned with Hope's fruition.
She, shivering, wakes from maiden dreams
To weep the whitening pyre,
But finds alas! that in her breast
Yet gleams its wonted fire;
She must not cry aloud tho' yet
Love's vigil she is keeping,
But smile and smile until the flame
Be quenched with silent weeping.

PERHAPS.

I felt my color come and go
While lower sank my head,
Until, my face hid in my hands,
"Perhaps so, Frank," I said.

'Twas hard to yield so much at once,
But, not to, harder still;
So with a woman's compromise
I said, "Perhaps I will."

BABY DEAR.

Nestle closer to my bosom,
Baby dear, baby dear;
When you came, the cold Death angel
Drew so near, drew so near;
But I prayed if Heaven were willing,
With you, sweet, I might remain,
How while every pulse was thrilling,
With joy so deep t'was almost pain
While to my bosom I was pressing
Heaven's last and sweetest blessing,
With a tear, with a tear;
And my heart in rapture beating
Kept unto itself repeating
Baby dear, baby dear.

And as I was with you lying,
Baby dear, baby dear,
All my thoughts were full of dying,
Yet I knew naught of fear,
For I had a blessed vision,
Far beyond the crystal gates
Of the glorious field elysian
Where the angel mother waits;
And those happy mother angels
There amid their glad evangels,
Sweet and clear, sweet and clear,
Sang in tones of thrilling sweetness,
Heralding life's grand completeness,
Baby dear, baby dear.

As I gazed in rapture thinking,
Baby dear, baby dear,
And the lesson glad in drinking,
I could hear, I could hear,
"Though called by the God of Heaven,
To a home beyond the sky;
Trust me, mortal, 'tis not given
Unto mother-love to die;"
But He gives us charge concerning,
Those o'er whom our hearts are yearning,
To be near, to be near,
And we save them oft from falling,
In low love-tones calling,
Baby dear, baby dear.

—By M. A. Grant.

March 25th, 1877.

WATERCRESS.

By a rivulet I wandered,
Gay of heart and light of feet,
Seeking nature's fairest pictures
With my pencil to repeat.

Sudden glanced athwart my vision,
In bewildering, half undress,
Nymph with feet and fingers gleaming
Whitely through the watercress.

As I started with the rapture
Of such fair and sweet surprise,
Swayed she like a water lily,
Flashed on me her won'drous eyes;

Eyes that sure had caught the shining
Of the water in the sun;
And their witching filled and thrilled me
Till I knew myself undone.

But I said, "What seeks Undine?"
Tossing back a wealth of tress,
Modestly she answered, flushing,
"I am gathering watercress."

Passing on, I hid me slyly,
And with swift, unnoted art
Drew her picture, but to own it,
A reflection from my heart;

So returning filled her basket,
Heart athrill and brain awirl,
When I cried, "I claim as guerdon
Thy sweet self, thou precious girl.

Promise I one day may bear you
Home, my heart and life to bless,
Like a pearl or lily gathered
From amid the watercress."

Though her blushes chid my ardor,
To my prayer she said not nay;
And Fame's laurels glad I'd barter
For one hour of that sweet day.

Years are gone and marble coldly
Gleams above her wealth of tress;
And in loneliness I'm mourning
Her vanished loveliness.

—M. A. Grant.

Denver, January 12, 1877.

TREFOIL.

Linger not, nor bide, my dearie,
For the days are long and dreary,
And my heart must needs be weary,
Till you come, till you come.

I am hoping soon to meet you;
Fail me not, then, I entreat you,
And with these sweet words I'll greet you,
"Welcome home, welcome home."

And our past, though brightly beaming,
Still shall pale beside the gleaming
Of the joys of which I'm dreaming,
When you come, when you come.

—M. A. Grant.

Denver, May 19, 1877.

THE BIRDSNARER.

(From the German of Freilegrath.)

And you have called me a birdsnarer,
As if you, yourself used no twine!
Ah! into thy toils I flew quicker,
And blinder than thou into mine.

Say, if I thee or thou me hast entangled;
You cannot tell yourself, my precious own,
Then who can say exactly how it happened
That we've ensnared each other—and are one?

But as you will—for I thine eyes are kissing
And thou art mine, and never shalt be freed;
And have my toils thy pinions harshly wounded?
Oh! be not angry—for Love did the deed.

Yet Love sustains, and Love will e'er sustain thee,
And Love forevermore thy shield shalt be;
Then cease thy trembling, cease thy pinions flutter,
Be my own little bird, and trust in me.

Be thou my dove, on joyous wing and chirping
Around my brow to flit when bidden to,
Then gladly nestling upon my shoulder,
Be that the place where best you love to coo.

Be thou the lark upon whose shining pinions
Thou, for thy swain, e'en to the sun, will swing;
Then downward from the golden gates of Heaven,
Into his soul, pour the blest songs you sing.

And deep within the grove where lindens rustle,
There, more than all, be thou my nightingale,
There let me quivering listen to thy singing,
And to its marvelous echoes in the dale.

Divinely sweet will be the strain you utter,
For it will be Love's passion and its pain.
Oh! there, then in green foliage embosomed
Pour forth the longings of the breast again.

Ah! sweet the echoes! Singing from thy bower,
Come fluttering, fearless, round my cottage door.
List but to me—be thou my guileless dove,
My nightingale, my lark in faithful love.

Leave thou me never, but more sweet and clearer,
On restful wing, pour forth thy song to me.
The toils are still—O, blissful, happy snarer,
Thy last, thy sweetest captive this shall be.

—M. A. Grant.

TO MY FRIEND MOLLIE.

Do you know, my sweet friend Mollie,
In my lonely, far off room,
What best serves to cheer and brighten
And to dissipate the gloom?

Do you know, when grief and sickness
Wound me with envenomed dart,
What restrains the poisoned arrow
Lest it pierce too deep my heart?

Do you know, when dark foreboding
Of the future o'er me lowers,
That which best serves to reawaken
Thoughts of gayer, gladder hours?

I will tell you, dear friend Mollie,
'Tis the sweet and tender grace
That is smiling down upon me,
From your lovely pictured face.

'Tis the thought awakened by it
That I have been blessed to find
In "the fever that's called living,"
One so womanlike and kind.

'Tis the hope as you are humming
Some half sad, all sweet refrain,
That, like me, you may be wishing
I were with you once again.

So your picture cheers me, Mollie,
In my hopes and in my fears;
And no less, that oft I see it
Faintly, Mollie, for my tears.

—M. A. Grant.

IGNIS FATUUS.

A bird was hidden in my breast,
I knew if heedless ears
Its soulful melody shouldst hear
Its voice must melt in tears.
Passing you trilled a roundelay,
My birdling's voice awoke,
With strange, sweet joy akin to pain,
It echoed back thy song again;
Then silence fell, thy cold disdain,
Its heart, alas! hadst broke.

A chalice was within my hand,
It held a draught of peace;
Not all of happiness—but yet
Of sorrow the surcease.
I would have drank its waters pure,
My lips the brim had found,
But you, with smiling power and pride,
Thrust it with careless hand aside.
Alas! the day—would I hadst died—
It's fragments strewed the ground.

I at my girdle wore a rose,
Rare, and of sweet perfume,
I said, "Oh! be thy fragrance mine
And mine alone thy bloom."
You passing saw the rose, and stooped
To catch its odorous breath;
Its petals, stirred with sudden heat,
Blushed redder yet thy lips to meet;
Then fluttering, fell beneath thy feet,
Exhaling sweets in death.

A glamour as of burnished gold,
At first concealed my loss;
One 'wilderer' hour of bliss was mine,
And then I knew 'twas dross.
And now within my heart is hid
The portal to a tomb,
(I chide you not—but was it fair?)
My little bird lies buried there,
The fragments of my chalice rare,
My rose despoiled of bloom.

—M. A. Grant.

Denver, January 20, 1877.

DEATH.

For Death is good and we must not repine
If God doth will for us to go or stay;
Sweet life can give the fitful joys of night:
Death lifts the veil that shrouds a sunlit day.

"DENVER."

(The Bride of the Mountain—"The Queen of the Plains.")

Oh, beauteous, virginal bride,
Even thy sweet breath is laden with wealth,
That a king, in his pomp and his pride
Might envy—'tis rosy-lipped health.

And the beautiful sheen of thy robes,
In its twilights of purple and gold;
But emblems the grandeur and wealth
That thy destiny's star shall unfold.

Oh, marvelous Queen of the Plains,
In thy youth and thy beauty complete,
E'en the hoary mountains bow down,
To kiss the gold sand at thy feet.

Looking up in your innocent pride
To smile on the homage—your due—
Your sweet, glowing face seems to bathe
In a glory bewildering and new.

In a glory born, not of the gifts,
That they bear in their glad-laden breasts;
But seeming as blushing you'd kissed
The plumes that were over their crests.

Or, as the mantle, perhaps, of thy smile
From their brows might have melted the snow,
That mingling with gold in their breasts,
Had bedewed thee in warm overflow.

Or, perchance, as the day, God, himself
Smiling on thee, had touched their white drifts,
And changed them to glistening gems,
To glow 'mid thy rare bridal gifts.

And with something diviner than art,
E'en nature's own infinite grace,
Had hung them where best they'd reflect
Their charms in your beautiful face.

Oh, where is the seer that can tell
What marvels a bud so replete,
With promise may yield in the full
Of its bloom and its beauty complete?

—By M. A. Grant.

Denver Tribune, Feb. 25, 1877.

A DRINKING SONG.

Far better Love's fiercest pang to know
Than never to feel his sweetest thrill,
And if life's current may hotly flow,
We'll laugh to scorn death's after chill.

If now the heavens are azure blue,
In an hour let clouds obscure the sky,
If Love today seem warm and true,
Let him, tomorrow, pass coldly by.

'Tis a world of change; if today we tread
Life's mountain heights with hearts aglow,
What matter tomorrow if we shall sleep
In an unmarked grave in the valley below?

So goes the world, yet the world is good;
Let us drink to its joy and drink to its pain;
We'll toast a defiance to Winter's cold blast,
Then drink to the pleasure of Summer again.

And e'en if transition shall rob us of love,
We'll drown our farewell in a toast and a laugh,
And if Hate blocks our pathway, we'll turn us aside
And drink his confusion in wine that we'll quaff.

A year, a day, or an hour from now,
Our life, like a ripple that is lost in the sea,
May vanish forever—and earth's love nor hate
Can give pang nor pleasure to you or to me,

If Love is immortal he'll follow us there,
But Hate is corruption and here must remain;
So fill up the beakers, and drink once to fate,
But to Love let us fill them again and again,
—M. A. Grant.

Denver, February 17, 1877.

(By M. A. Grant.)

For a little moment later we were riding,
Yet more slow,
While you very softly whispered, "Are you angry?"
I said, "No,—
But we are no longer children,
And you really must be good."

And we laughed and blushed a little,
As you promised that you would.
Then we talked of things indifferent,
And the weather;
But in rifts of golden silence, our hearts echoed,
"We're together."

Do you know the ivied farm-house,
Where you asked the boy to bring
Us a drink? He gave up dripping
Diamonds from a living spring.
Gave it not in crystal chalice,
Gave it not in silvern ware;
But we drank the draught together,
And so deemed it sweet and rare.
As the empty cup I offered,
Your hand someway clasped o'er mine,
And our glowing blood went flowing,
In a rapture more divine
Than e'er lurked beneath the sparkle
In the rarest, rubiest wine.

Then the boy, in rustic wonder,
Stared to see
Your munificence in paying for the water
That was free.
He knew nothing of its value, save
Intrinsically;
But your measure was the pleasure it afforded
You and me.
And I said, "That home is humble,
But with love to make it fair

I believe one might be happy,
Even there."
"No," you said, you rogue, "not one, for love implies
A pair."

Well, the afternoon was over,
All was proper and discreet,—
E'en our meeting was a chance one,
But somehow 'twas wondrous sweet.
Quite too sweet to hope that ever
Chance the pleasure will repeat;
So reluctant we drove homeward—
Quite slow;
And I sighed, "Renunciation comes with every day,"
I know.
For one little happy hour we may 'scape
Life's cark and care,
But it surely is awaiting
Us somewhere.
If we leave it in the valley,
Far below,
And escape to sunny highlands, it will follow,
Sure though slow;

If we leave it on the hill-tops, and descend
To humbler plane,
It will surely overtake us
Yet again.
So 'tis right and wise, you answered,
Since God willed it so, I ween,
That we should not miss the rifting
Of these golden hours between.

"Right and pleasant, too," I murmured,
But the sunlight's length'ning rays
Point the trem'lous warning given
By the adorous haze,

That too long we have been lingering
In his glow,
And that we must say good-bye,
And you must go.
Good-bye. "Good-bye," you said, "God bless you."
Then I watched your progress slow,
As, oft looking back, you loitered,
'Neath the emerald archway low,
Till the trees in envy hid you.
Do you know

That the memory of that meeting
Lingers in my heart and brain,
Like the fragment of a bird-song
That I fain would hear again?
Like a song a bird might warble,
If from sunshine all afloat,
Just the brightest ray had wandered
And been 'prisoned in his throat—
Been imprisoned for a moment,
Till with pride and love elate,
He could free it in a rifting,
Rippling love-song to his mate.
—Denver Tribune, Denver, June, 1877.

THE RED, RED ROSE.

But only before a bush that bore
 White roses, he bowed his crest;
 And he culled a flower of perfect dower
 And laid it upon his breast.

But when on his heart he had laid it apart,
A little unguarded thorn,
As too warmly she pressed, had pierced his breast—
And the first rose gazed in scorn.

And it welled and welled, till each leaf was aflush,
While the white rose gazed in scorn,
And the red rose sighed, with deepening blush,
"To wound him, oh! why was I born?"

And a chivalrous pity guled up from his heart
To his cheek, till it rivaled the blush
Of the red, red rose, who, weeping her woes,
Was breaking the fateful hush.

And tender he grew, and yet more true,
And his anger vanished amain;
And the white rose, I know, was as pure as the snow—
But he kissed the red rose for her pain.

—M. A. Grant.

January 21, 1877.

ONLY.

(By M. A. Grant.)

Only a waving wealth of golden-colored hair,
Only a dimpled chin with laughter lurking there.

Only a sweet, low brow, and eyes of heaven's own
blue,
Only a nostril's matchless curve, and red lips dashed
with dew.

Only twin rows of pearls, the whitest ever seen,
That glance upon the sight, two curled roseleaves
between.

Only a dainty hand, gleaming so purely white
The driven snow was shamed, and vanished from the
sight.

Only a sweet, low voice—"An excellent thing in
woman,"

Only a loving heart—Alas! she was but human!

Only a broken vow, only a sweet, false wooing,
Only a trust betrayed, that wrought her soul's un-
doing.

Only a woman's smiles for him, who darkened her
life's morning,

Only a broken heart for her, and the cold world's
bitter scorning.

Only a woman, kick her down, though her heart
broke when she fell.

She is a sinner—scourge and scorn for her are just
and well.

But when to meet a righteous Judge to you it shall
be given,

Only her pale despairing face may bar your way to
heaven.

Denver, Colorado, 1877.

TO WILLIE AWA'.

Oh, Willie, I'm weary o' waiting,
And dreary and cauld is the day;
But I know that ye'll come again, Willie,
For did ye na' promise me sae?

I know that your arms will enfauld me,
And your kiss will glow warm on my cheek,
While ye tell me—what oft ye hae tauld me,
And I'll be o'wer happy to speak.

The springtime is coming, my Willie,
And earth will be glad in its bloom,
But if ye're still biding, my heart will be hiding,
My Willie, in sorrow and gloom.

And the birds with their twitter will mock me,
As they're swinging in pairs o'er the nest,
And where frae their twitting, could I then be flitting,
My Willie, if not to thy breast?

And at e'enin' I'll greet sair, my Willie,
When each constant bird seeks his mate,
Yet in thee confiding, I'll silent be hiding
My tears, that ye're biding sae late.

And, Willie, I never will doot ye,
But trust that the buds o' the spring,
When fairy transition brings simmer's fruition,
Will bloom on my Willie, my king.

But if a' the lang days o' simmer
Bring not my ain Willie to me,
And with autumn winds sighing, ye hame are na'
hieing,
Wi' grief I maun lie doon and dee.

But ask of the falling leaves, Willie,
To show where your true love may be,
For though I seem sleeping, still watch I'll be keep-
ing,
'Neath heather, my Willie, for thee,
—M. A. Grant.

Denver, February 16, 1877.

WE'RE GROWING OLD.

[Written at 15. Published in The Waverly.]

The autumn winds around us blow,
The air is bleak and cold.
The falling leaves speak soft and low,
And say, "We're growing old."

Our once black hair is silvery now;
And by this we are told,
That, though we love the joys of life,
We still are growing old.

When, in the laughing babe we held,
A woman we behold,
With sorrowing hearts we sadly cry,
"Alas! we're growing old."

Why should this thought make us so sad,
E'en though age break some ties?
We know we're so much nearer, now,
Our home beyond the skies.

We know that so much sooner, now,
Our Saviour we'll behold;
Then let us not lament the truth
That we are growing old.

—Frank Leon.

TO LOTHARIO REPENTANT.

Well, yes, I own I loved you once,
I vow I do not love you now;
But chide me not that I have changed—
'Twas you who taught me how.

Why should I mourn that you were false,
The grief were mine had you seemed true,
And I grown wise to know my heart
Could not be filled by you.

Well can I forgive the delusion,
For I smile in my wiser disdain,
That such frail evanescent illusion
E'er wrought such a tempest of pain.

But I will not seek to dissemble
Love's blandishments over love's tomb,
Were death and decay hidden under
A seeming of beauty and bloom.

So go, and go quickly, I pray you,
And bow at some welcoming shrine,
For the breath of your passion to frostwork
Is changed as it rises to mine.

And e'en if its fairylike tracery
Might charm me with witcheries new,
The instant my king breathed upon it
'Twould vanish—I bid you, adieu.

GOOD-BYE, OR AU REVOIR?

Sweet, if our past be wholly past,
Its charm defaced or broken,
Grant me of that, I pray you then,
Some sign or token.

That lengthening shadows from the old
My New Year may not darken;
And for the voices of the past
In vain I need not hearken.

Then memory's diamond dust, dear friend,
My past will ever lighten;
And in its rays my future course
Will bloom and brighten.

And with one word, I will not chide,
Nor with one sigh distress you;
But glad and grateful for so much,
Will say, "Good-bye, God bless you!"

But should you cherish still the hope,
To live the sweet past o'er.
I will not say, "Good-bye," my love,
But only au revoir!

—M. A. Grant.

Denver, December 26, 1876.



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